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was due primarily to the natural conflict of an objective and subjective mind. According to Mr. Bodley, Newman was unwholesomely centered upon his own soul, while Manning was interested in converting England to Romanism. From an outsider's point of view the difference would seem more nearly to be that Newman was by nature spiritual, preoccupied with supermundane thoughts and feelings, while Manning was born, bred, and lived a man of the world. Not even the standing of his church in England quite divorced him from worldly ambitions and pretensions, as witness the importance put upon Manning's precedence on the Queen's sign-manual of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.

Mr. Bodley has many little spurts of vivacious temper and malice at the Cardinal whom he did not love. "It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say," he writes, "that Newman's conception of heaven was a beatific Oxford Common-room, where he elected the members and also chose the wines—as he did at Oriel—which in that sphere would symbolize the cordial virtues of friendship."

Of Manning, the essayist says: "He was the only good man I have known intimately—though one or two others have crossed my path whom I suspected of goodness—and I have known one or two good women." This is one of the little bursts of personal confidence that give the book an added value and endear the writer to his audience.

He is not always as kind to women as in this paragraph, being doubtless one of that class of mental invalids who is willing to grant virtue but not intelligence to the weaker sex. In his essay on the "Decay of Idealism" he disclaims any intention of flying "with abstractions three hundred feet above the level of facts." "An excursion in those arduous regions," he says, "is an easy and ordinary incident in the life of that inquiring sex which in this country crowds the courses of M. Bergson—just as the honorable women of decadent Greece, in the rich cities of Macedonia, deserting the Thracian Bacchus and the gods of the neighboring Olympus, were the most eager disciples of the traveling professor of Tarsus.

Mr. Bodley's thesis in the second essay is that throughout the world, but especially in France, there has been a complete victory of the concrete and the practical to the utter destruction of the abstract and the ideal. Iron and steel works have conquered university culture, and a mechanical age has mastered and annihilated the supremacy of intellect. In 1881 he thinks there was still a remnant of idealism gasping in France, and altruistic virtues laid some restraint upon man's desire to "arrive." The *arrivistes* are no longer confined to the Hebrew race. "Arriving" has become a cosmopolitan habit, and has spread ruthlessly and unabashed over the world. That there must some day be a reaction, a new birth of delicate scruples, and a new fervor toward ideals, all cultured people join with the author in hoping.

A WANDERER IN FLORENCE. By E. V. LUCAS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, if a somewhat desultory observer, is at all costs a charming writer, and so perhaps few things would be more delightful

than to substitute, upon a first visit to Florence, this volume, so *amply* and charmingly illustrated, for the usual Baedeker. It contains two good maps and an excellently prepared historical chart. A sentence in a *Synthetical Guide-book* circulated in the hotels of Florence expresses, so Mr. Lucas tells us, what he would like to say of Florence better than he could hope to express it. "The natural kindness, the high spirit, of the Florentine people, the wonderful masterpieces of art created by her great men, who in every age have stood in the front of art and science, rivalize with the gentle smile of her splendid sky to render Florence one of the finest towns of beautiful Italy." These words written by a Florentine and "inspired," as he says, by patriotic feeling, are perfectly true according to E. V. Lucas, and his own book is written to fortify their truth and lead others to test it.

So the wanderer begins in the City of the Miracle, and goes about among buildings and paintings, giving us glimpses of past days and grand pageants, terrors, murders, treacheries, old loves, and cloistered virtues.

The book is a guide-book in the form of literature, and does not disdain to add charm and humor to taste and learning.

The illustrations by Morley in color are exceedingly lovely, and the photographic reproductions are wisely chosen and not too hackneyed.

THE MEDIEVAL CHURCH ARCHITECTURE OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1912.

Why, when something is both true and useful, should it not be delightful as well? Like the earlier works on Gothic Architecture in France and Renaissance Architecture in general, this book is gravely hurt by a few crotchets of the author. All that he says is true and valuable, and undisputed. The careful discussions of stone structure, the profiles of moldings, the study stone by stone of great English work, is all important and calls for gratitude that it will never get. Mr. Moore cannot bring himself to admit that anything is Gothic except the absolute perfection of the type, and then he cannot forgive everything else for not being equally perfect. He fairly scolds at what he calls Anglo-Saxon architecture, and he cannot keep away from what he disapproves. In this volume he analyzes very carefully from the structural side most important parts of Canterbury and Lincoln, and compares and dismisses more briefly a number of other great churches. The upshot is that English builders never reached the pure strain-and-thrust type that Amiens stands for. They always built their walls solid enough to carry their vaults—and then let them carry them, serenely suppressing the vaulting-shaft between the great pier and the springing of the arch, sometimes—they built, that is, with mass and not with force. Well—why, after all, should they not? They made thereby something different from French Gothic and nearly as pleasant to sit in. The Gothic of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, most of Spain, and all of France except the Royal Domain, lies open to the same objection. Why make an objection of it? Why, because Raphael painted fair hair, insist that only fair-haired figures shall be named Madonnas? But Mr. Moore cannot leave the question alone. Finally he comes to a brief chapter on timber roofs, and a new grievance crops up. The king-post, it seems, should dangle from the apex and swing, the